

Crown of the Cosmos

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Characters:	Little King John (Ratboy's Kingdom) , Ratboy Genius (Ratboy's Kingdom) , Clyde (Ratboy's Kingdom) , Buck "Sneezy" Dodger , Summer Solstice Baby (Ratboy's Kingdom) , Caterpillar Minister (Ratboy's Kingdom)
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Crown of the Cosmos

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Summary

A canon-divergent look at how Little King John becomes a Galactic Friend--and what that means for the galaxy.

Notes

Before reading, please understand a couple things about this story:

- it is NOT canon compliant. The best thing I can describe it as is an alternate universe, but only in that a lot of minor things are different
- Ratboy Genius' name has been changed to 'Red' to reference the hidden theories about his initials and also I didn't feel like typing ratboy genius over and over
- everyone is vaguely humanoid(2 legs, Clyde has a human-shaped head instead of an alien one, etc.)
- Caterpillar Minister has wings because I said so
- Hat doesn't exist. (sorry)
- Ratboy Genius and Summer Solstice Baby aren't together in this story anymore (also sorry)
- Characters do die in this, it can get angsty at times so buckle up
- Little King John is very young in this, about 18 years old at the start, having been about 12 or 13 in the Dreams series and growing up over the course of The Flood.
- most of this is fully unedited, I'm an impatient bastard
- this is my first ever fic on AO3, so please be nice to me or I'll cry /j

Chapter 1: CROWN OF THE COSMOS 1: THE END

Dear Diary,

Things have been very different ever since The Final Charge. I have not heard from Caterpillar Minister or Red for some time now, but my rapidly growing kingdom keeps me busy. It is not as vast and prosperous as its predecessor, yet it is comforting to know that this kingdom is truly my own. I have appointed Sneezy as my royal advisor, and the two of us are still doing our best to rebuild the world.

Sometimes, I wonder what the Caterpillar Minister meant when he said I was on my way to becoming a Galactic Friend. I do not know how I would go about such a feat, but I wonder if that means I would see the Baby again. I know now that I have frightened and hurt her in the past, and I do not want her to remember me the way she does now.

Little King John let the ink dry for a few moments before closing his diary and putting it back on the shelf. As he walked out of his room and towards the front door, he gave a passing thought to the contrast of his humble home compared to the castle that drowned beneath the waves. Still, it felt comforting to him that the sound of the doorknob turning in his hand no longer echoed through the building.

He stepped outside, and the warmth of the late-morning sun washed over him. Sneezy, who was chatting with one of the villagers, broke into a smile when he saw John approach.

“Good morning, John!” He greeted. “How are your projects treating you?”

John briefly recalled a recent sleepless night spent trying to piece together another machine. “They’ll be much more fun once they’re finished.”

“Not to worry, I am sure you will figure them out soon enough.”

“What about you? Is your business prospering?”

Sneezy looked off to the side, putting his hands behind his back and swaying on his feet. “...It hasn’t quite gotten off the ground yet, but I’m sure cheese knishes are in high demand.”

“They had better be!”

“John...”

“Right, right. No abuse of power...”

Just then, the people scattered, exclaiming about something flying through the sky. John and Sneezy shielded their eyes from the sun and scanned the clouds, to find none other than the Caterpillar Minister soaring towards them on his hoverboard.

“Is that...?” John trailed off.

“It is!”

“The Caterpillar Minister!” They finished in unison.

As if on cue, the Caterpillar Minister lowered the hoverboard until he could step down onto the grass.

“Howdy-do, howdy-do!” He said, waving to John and Sneezy. “It’s good to see you safe and sound!”

“I still have questions!” John interrupted. “Are the others safe? What happened? What’s a Galactic Friend?”

“You’re in luck, Little King John! You’re about to find out! You see, we need someone like yourself to represent your world out in the galaxy, and we also need Buck Dodger back! There are very important things that need to be addressed, yes indeed.”

At the mention of Sneezy’s ‘real’ name, John felt a little out of place. He had overheard the name ‘Dodger’ used long ago, so it wasn’t a surprise, but instead a painful reminder of his friend’s biggest lie. Sneezy was also visibly uncomfortable, but Caterpillar Minister didn’t appear to notice.

“What needs to be addressed? Did something bad happen?” John asked.

“You’ll find out soon. Follow me!”

Caterpillar Minister went back onto his hoverboard and lifted it into the air, as he spread his colorful wings to prepare for flight.

John and Sneezy hurried to their own hoverboard(a vehicle that had previously been left untouched) and climbed aboard. The Caterpillar Minister took this as his signal to shoot all of them across dimensions, letting reality itself bend around them as his imagination saw fit.

Sneezy and John soared through space and time, towards an entire universe of the unknown. John felt frightened, confused, and excited all at once.

Chapter 2: Author's Note regarding Updates

The next chapter was supposed to be out before now, but unfortunately I'm having trouble writing lately. It may have to do with stress regarding the current situation or just plain old writer's block--but I have NOT abandoned this story and I do not intend to. Thank you all for understanding, and stay tuned for Chapter 2!

Chapter 3: CROWN OF THE COSMOS 2: GALACTIC ENEMIES

Chapter Summary

Little King John and Sneezy travel to the Meeting Place to find out why they were called to join(and re-join, respectively) the Galactic Friends.

Chapter Notes

It's finally here, guys! After a long inspiration drought, I published another Chapter. Enjoy it, because I'm flying completely by the seat of my pants here.

I hope you like it!

Caterpillar Minister led the others to the Meeting Place.

John took either side of his robe and gracefully stepped off of his hoverboard once it was close enough to the ground. He looked around at the environment, and was a bit surprised. It wasn't a fancy castle or a spotless board room, but instead a cave in the dirt, with only a few colorful lamps illuminating the area.

"I thought the meeting place would have been a little more extravagant." He remarked.

"Usually we discussed our plans in the starship, but...you know better than anybody how that turned out." said Sneezy.

The metal scrap pile briefly crossed John's memory, and his ear flicked in recognition.

He looked up, and found a clear roof shielding them from the cruel vacuum of space. He could even see the outline of a couple planets in the distance.

John felt a little dizzy.

More Galactic Friends began to gather in the meeting place. John recognized Clyde right away, and couldn't say he was surprised. Clyde was always a little off...

Then, someone else entered the meeting place, and suddenly the scent of a familiar perfume filled John's nostrils. He turned his head before he had time to think better of it.

Summer Solstice Baby's cheerfulness quickly evaporated upon meeting his eyes.

John wanted to say he was sorry and get it all over with right then and there, but something about this moment felt wrong. Everyone was watching, and she clearly wasn't in the mood to talk. He did want to apologize, but he did not particularly want to be verbally obliterated in front of his new peers, so he kept his mouth shut and took a seat.

She seemed to have the same idea, however, and did the same.

Red sat by her side, but John decided not to acknowledge him whatsoever.

“Welcome, welcome, everybody!” The Caterpillar Minister greeted, waking John from his thoughts. “Thank you for coming. We need everybody we can find in these trying times.

“I’ve gathered you all here at The Meeting Place because we have just received a very important update on the whereabouts of the Galactic Superheroes Fred, George, and Sue.”

“They’ve been missing for a while now.” Sneezy whispered.

“We have uncovered an SOS signal from a nearby planet, and have reason to believe that our missing members may be sending it from a crash site.”

The Galactic Friends practically all leaned forward, listening intently.

John stole a glance at Summer from across the table, but she didn’t appear to notice. Whether she was just too caught up in listening or actively pretending he didn’t exist was unclear.

The Caterpillar Minister continued. “We are planning to launch a mission to rescue them as soon as possible. Unfortunately, as the starship has been compromised, we will need to build a new spacecraft. I have recruited our newest member, Little King John, to assist us. He has great proficiency in technical pursuits and I am confident that we will be able to rescue our friends soon.

“And Buck Dodger-”

“Sneezy.” Sneezy mumbled.

“What?”

“I’d like to be called Sneezy now, if that is alright.”

“You’re still going by your codename?”

“It’s more of a nickname these days…”

Caterpillar Minister didn’t appear to be fazed, and continued. “Sneezy will be welcomed back to the team with open arms, of course.”

“How long is this going to take?” Summer asked. “The spaceship, I mean. If someone’s calling for help out there, we may not have much time left.”

“It’ll take a matter of weeks, maybe longer. It depends on what problems arise while building.”

“Weeks?! They may not have weeks! There’s got to be a better way to go about this than building a spaceship from scratch!”

“I’m afraid not. My powers alone cannot keep a rescue party safe in space long enough to complete the mission.”

Summer groaned in frustration, and dropped her head onto her arms on the table in front of her.

“Let’s adjourn this meeting for now, so that I can show our new friend what he’ll be doing around here.”

“Am I going to be doing this by myself? I don’t know how to build a spacecraft!” John spoke up.

“You won’t be alone, Little King John. We will all be working together to bring our friends safely home.”

“Yes, indeed.” Clyde muttered from the other side of the room.

“Bye, bye, now!” The Caterpillar Minister waved, and suddenly John’s vision became blurry. The Caterpillar Minister, Little King John, and Sneezy disappeared from the view of the others.

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